

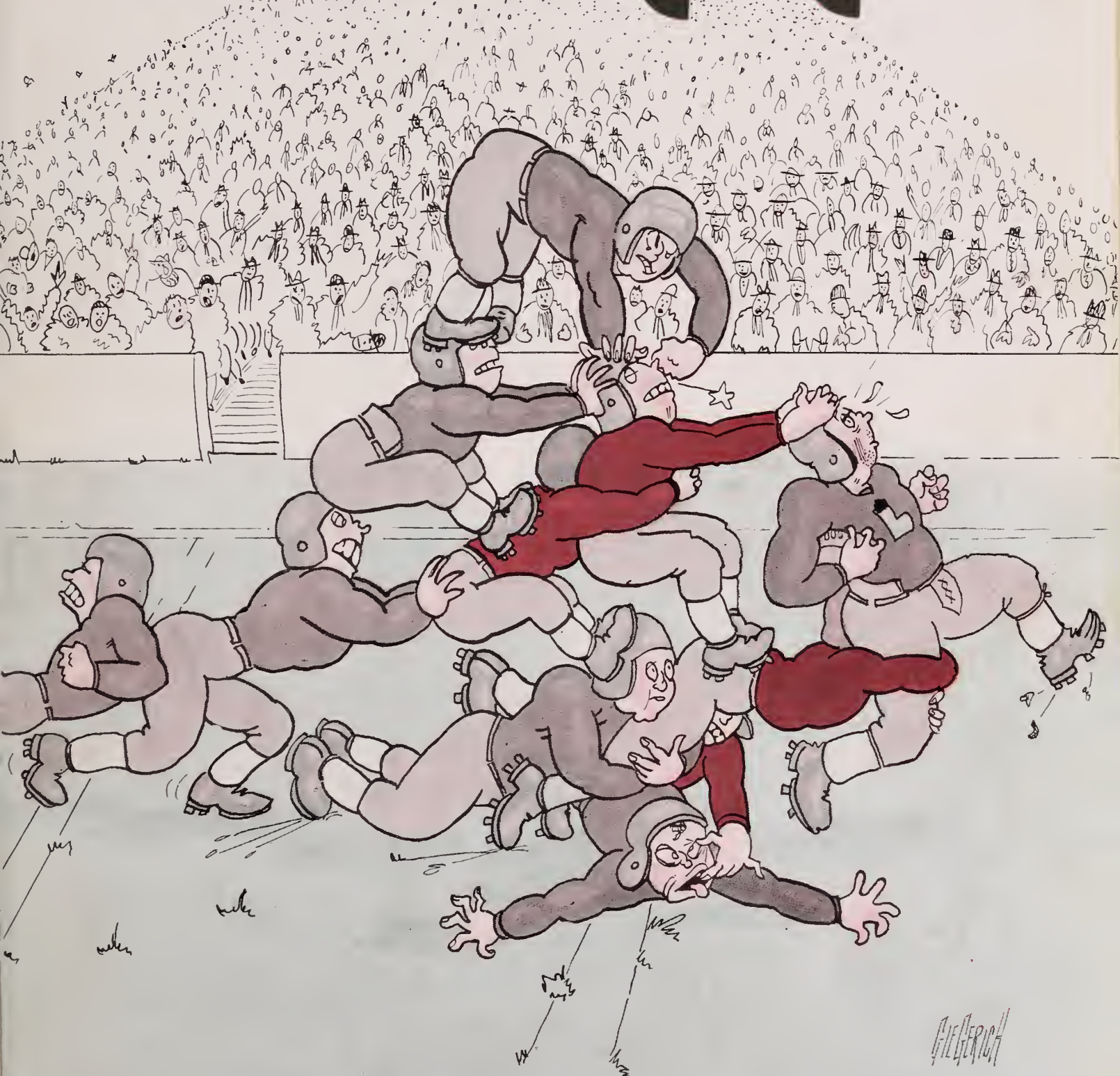
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# LEHIGH BURR



I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE KICKED



# AVOID B. I.



His winning smile—his handsome face—how they thrilled her once! But now all she remembered was his inexcusable "B. I." (Bad Impression)

Take no chances. Careless

clothes may cost popularity—success. Wear clothes that are styled and tailored individually for YOU. Edward custom-tailored Suits and Topcoats make you look your very best.

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~ ~ ~

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By making a date, the folks will be at home. Thus you can make a Station to Station call rather than a more expensive Person to Person call.

Just give the operator your home telephone number. If you like, charges can be reversed.



"Pray, let me kiss your hand," said he,  
With looks of burning love;  
"I can remove my veil," said she,  
"Much easier than my glove."

—Log.

—BURR—

Bob: Want to go for a ride?

Todd: I haven't a decent pair of shoes to wear.

—Widow.

—BURR—

"Hey! What is a socialist, anyhow?"  
"It's a fellow that'll divide his thirst with you, if you'll divide your beer."

—Wampus.

—BURR—

When God created woman, he said, "Wo man, I guess I've gone too far."

—Wampus.

—BURR—

He: You dance very gracefully.  
She: I am sorry that I can't say the same for you.  
He: You could if you juggled the truth the way I do.

—Wampus.

—BURR—

What made her look that way? She seemed perfectly happy and contented dancing with the other fellows. But, with me, she seemed so darned uncomfortable. What was there about me? Halitosis? B. O.? Not if the street-car ads were right. Or was it that I just lacked something, that I just didn't have that "Plus" that they stick on the end of "personality"? I wondered. And then she stopped and made me take that big fountain pen out of my inside coat pocket.

—Longhorn.

"I'm the best man," said Dr. Fixem, the groom's attendant at the wedding. "Who are you?"

"I'm the next best man," said the bride's attendant, her father, "I'm the gunner."

—Wampus.

—BURR—

She: I don't want to see you any more.

He: Okeh. I'll turn off the lights.

—The Green Gander.

—BURR—

A college student is a person who before opening a letter, holds it up to the light to see if there is a check in it.

—Wampus.

—BURR—

.. Flip: Where's Dick?

Flop: Digging up a couple of dates for tonite.

Flip: We want girls, not mummies.

—Longhorn.

—BURR—

Folks pipe this young fellow named Wier,  
Who sports such an oversized ear;  
Though it may not look dandy,  
It sure is hand,  
To fan off the foam from his beer.

—Wampus.

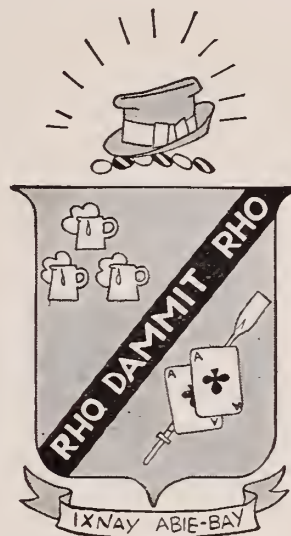
—BURR—

Willie: Teacher, do angels ever have hot parties?  
Teacher: Why, Willie, whoever put those words in your mouth?

Willie: Well, our physics prof said that ethereal bodies dissipate most of their energy in the form of heat.

—Brown Jug.

# Lux et Veritas



NO BYLAWS, NO DUES

Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

*Columbus Comes Across  
Students See Red  
O. O. McIntyre  
Here Lies Love  
Doctor Seuss  
Ad Finitum  
Ad Finitum  
Rah!*

## College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



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Exclusive Distributor  
of

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"Music by Handel," said the  
frosh as he wound up the Vic-  
trola.

—Exchange.

Imagine my embarrassment —  
seasick and had the lockjaw.

—Aggrievator.

—BURR—

Mother: Why were you kept  
after school today, Johnny?

Johnny: Teacher told us to  
write any essay on "The Result of  
Laziness" and I turned in a blank  
sheet of paper.

—Frivol.

—BURR—

Big man: Don't you ever eat  
shrimp?

The Runt: Oh, yes, I eat three  
meals a day; I'm just not hungry.

—Dodo.

—BURR—

Scene: Any house party.

He: Was this a big party for  
you?

She: No; a lot of little ones.

—Royal Gaboon.

—BURR—

His Honor: What's the charge?  
Officer: Drunk and disorderly  
conduct.

His Honor: Where do you live?

Prisoner: Harvard dormitories.

H.H.: Turn him over to the ma-  
tron.

—M.I.T. Voo Doo.

There's an invention on the  
market that will make a woman's  
kiss taste like an orange, but mil-  
lions are waiting for the man who  
makes an orange taste like a wo-  
man's kiss.

—Dodo.

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*Austy Tate*

After the ball is over  
Will Austy Tate be here,  
Or will our barber shop lover  
Take to drinking beer—some-  
where?



# THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLII

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 3

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.



Douglass Brigham

## LAFAYETTE vs. LEHIGH

After scratching all the dandruf out of the last issue we'd like to digress—to football.

Lehigh and Lafayette have it out for the 65th time, and this time at the Lehigh stadium. We wonder what'll happen. Probably we'll win, lose or tie. It least that's what a profound freshman suggested. But, no matter what does go on, on the gridiron, it's a safe bet that the big side show, advertisement and general three ring circus will hold sway for the afternoon and--far into the night.

We have been asking men, women and children about football and Lehigh—but they mumble something shallow about "that swell girl", the band or some "amber bottle".

Might as well admit that we are just going to a game—any game—where people, noise and excitement are. But, such is the spectacle—football.

It isn't so much the game—it'll be a good one if you can see the ball from way down there in Section "A"—but what happens while the brawl is in motion that really counts.

No crude, racous noises—it's grace that matters. At least excuse yourself. Something like, "Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, it would never have happened if you hadn't stepped before me and the cuspidor." Polite, eh?

Old "Johnnie" wrote us that he is coming up for the Lehigh-Lafayette game. That means the whole crew of alumni'll be up—whooping it up, in fact—before, during, and after the festivities.

For a good night's lodging better look up your fratres and sponge off them. It is preferable, however, to remain hilariously awake all night—chiefly to avoid that deep dizzy feeling that comes from "over eating."

Be careful and watch out for "that big man with the net".

## COMPETITORS

Cunningham  
Norman

Goodrich

Chickering  
Lauer



# FROWN AND BITE

VOL. O—NO. 0

NOVEMBER 33, 1931

PAGE—Not Even 1

## Leopard Team Train-Wrecked

### WEAK ELEVENS TO PLAY FOR FUN

Experts Predict 17-3 Tie in Favor of  
Flehigh and Lafayette

Flehigh and Lafayette, said to be the two weakest teams in the Lehigh Valley, will play around in the Flehigh bowl today.

Neither has lost more than five major games yet—as the FROWN AND BITE goes to pieces.

Lafayette brings to Bethlehem, the scene of the massacre, a crowd of coal miners who have everything to gain and only one more chance to lose. They are the remnants of a team which by a few tough breaks beat Rutgers by a paltry score of 22-0.

Austie Tate picked up the usual crowd outside the Colonial Restaurant and Johnnie's Barbershop and said, "Sure, we'll beat 'em or I'll be out of a job."

On this overwhelming evidence the experts, Dr. Burkhart and Bill McCaa, forecast the amazing score of a 17-3 tie in favor of Flehigh and Lafayette. They can make this seemingly bold forecast because no one expects anything from the experts anyway. Moreover, they figure that if the Flehigh high halfback is half as forward as the Lafayette quarterback, the Lafayette line will not sway back enough to give the Flehigh set-backs a come back. It is hoped, however, that this backing will not prove a draw back to the game.

#### Best Seats Free

"We'll give the 50 yard seats away this year," said Jack "Scotch" Petrikin in a recent bulletin. We'll give them away for \$2.25."

It is rumored that the players may be taxed for the privilege of using the field during the Flehigh-Lafayette game.

### BIG BROWN BAND TO BATTLE BRAVELY

Julian Hooker Says Instruments and  
Musicians Are All Well Oiled

"The Flehigh band will fight to the end—the bitter end!" shouted Julian Hooker, orchestra leader, in a frenzied statement to the press shortly before the Flehigh-Lafayette game here late today.

The locker room was a mele of excitement and enthusiasm, and as the players in fine fettle, including the E flat piccolo player, strode confidently out onto the field, a cry of, "Beat the Lafayette band," rang out.

"The success of the Lafayette game, together with the many vicissitudes of human existence and mechanical engineering, depends upon the Flehigh band," asserted President Charles Guss Richerds, when asked to comment on the current business depression.

## OLD LADY TELLS SAD TALE; MANY HUGE HOLES TORN IN LAFAYETTE FORWARD WALL

Players Stick to Posts Through Fire and Smoke—Thick and Thin  
—Long and Short—In and Out—Yelling "Up and at 'Em—  
the Indians Have Ambushed Us!"

### RIVALS TO START WITHOUT FOX

"Fox! We Want Fox!" Players Cry,  
While He Hibernates in Hole

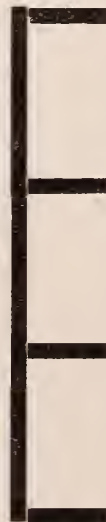
The Easton hoarde feels lost without their star performer, Fox, of Wood's Hole. The Dean's Office has Fox listed as having hibernated for the coming season, and untold grief, sadness, sorrow, and gloom envelopes the pride of Easton, the Lafayette team. From Flehigh comes shouts of rejoicing, while only wailing and gnashing of teeth emerge from the Leopard's liar.

#### Fox Is Foxy

Last week Fox chilled the audience with a six-inch gain as he ran in a hole in the line. With a twist and shake that was all his own. "Whoops, I told him to do that," chortled McCracken, "it's an old Leopard custom."

As for the gain, "No matter which way you look at it, six inches is six inches," said Austy Tate, and even President Lewis of Lafayette admits that six inches is not to be sneezed at.

#### FOX'S GAIN



Twice this is six inches which is life size gain made by the doughty Fox—measure it yourself if you doubt it.

(By Special Wire, Cooperating with the  
P. E. Press)

Nov. 34, 4:01 p. m., Freemansburg and all points west.—The train carrying the Lafayette football team enroute to the Flehigh stadium to take part in the annual football classic of Eastern Pennsylvania was wrecked near here late today.

Nov. 34, 4:02 p. m., Second St.—A confirmation of the tragic train wreck in which the Lafayette football team was left dead or dying was made at the FROWN AND BITE office today.

The train was speeding along at 20 or 100 miles an hour Eastern Daylight Saving Time and all was calm and peaceful as the Lafayette Leopards whooped it us for Old Pardee.

There was a sudden crash and amid horrible cries and consternation which split the air some one muttered that he thought the train was wrecked.

Further investigation proved that the train was wrecked and the engineer's name was Jones. The train was laying on its side while the whistle shrieked pitifully.

The Lafayette players stuck to their posts despite the fire, smoke and confusion. The players probably thought they were goal posts since they see them so seldom.

Some one yelled, "Up and at 'em—the Indians have ambushed us!"

The men who didn't have posts wandered about till they found someone who did and stuck to them.

#### BULLETIN

Nov. 34, 4:03 p. m., Frown and Bite Office—A dispatch to the effect that the train was wrecked while carrying the Lafayette football team enroute to the Flehigh bowl was denied by railroad officials late today.

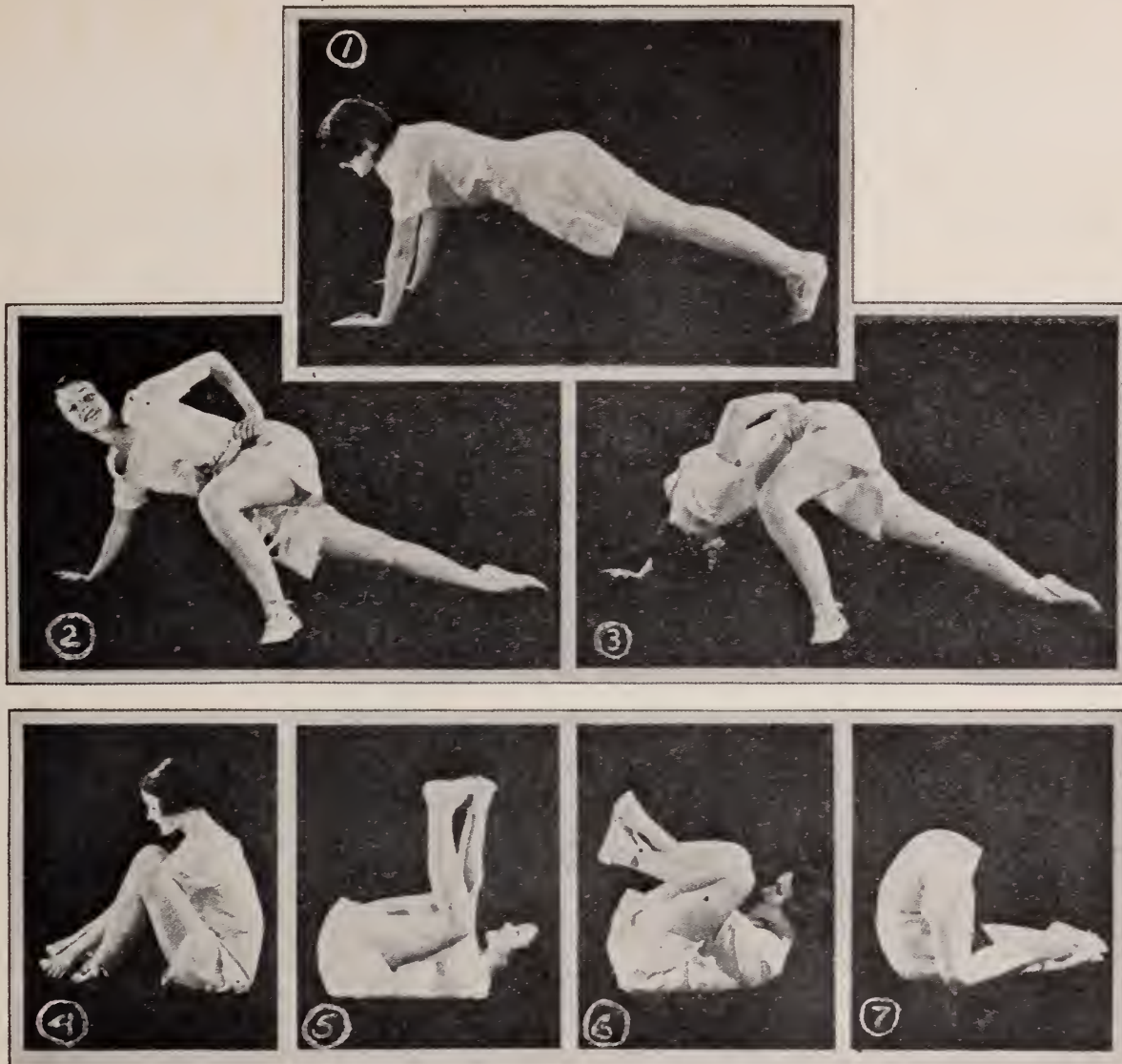
According to Lafayette advisors, the team was to take that train, but Coach McCracken had a premonition and decided to wait till a doctor reported the condition of alarming.

#### BULLETIN

Nov. 34, 4:04 p. m., FROWN AND BITE Office—An official report was made public at 4:04 p. m. today that there was not a train wreck.

The FROWN AND BITE reported the train wreck in which the whole Lafayette football team was injured on the advice of an old lady who dropped in to find the weather report. If the story was not given out by the old lady it is unfortunate for she would have reported the wreck had she been in the office.





### Referees' Signals and Various Penalties for Lehigh-Lafayette Game.

1. **Stalling**—Referee throws himself forward in the manner illustrated taking care to place both hands upon the ground with the thumbs extended over the forefingers. (These pictures were exposed in Mexico where the officials ordinarily do not wear socks.) Penalty for this mistake, 1 lollypop.
2. **Clipping**—A very serious offence. Referee looks at birdie, and begins to stretch out on the green sward. Remembers that there are ladies present, doesn't stretch, and remains as shown. Dirty team socked 1 Baby Ruth.

3. **Off-Side** — Caused by player jumping gun, whistle, ball or bail. Referee demonstrates manner of offense or defense in manner shown. Sometimes the head is up, but usually it is held down signifying extreme disapproval of offender. Charges 1 Yo-Yo.

4. **Holding**—Referee plays "Sitting Bull". Right foot is grasped by thumb and little finger of left hand. Left foot is grabbed by thumb and forefinger of right hand and tickled with the little finger of the left hand. (Extremely important.) Player penalized, 1 cake Ivory.

5. **Touchback**—Referee squats as in figure 4, grabs toes, right with right and left with left. Then rocks back until a touch-back is made. No soap for either team.

6. **Tripping**—As illegal as 91 per cent. Referee begins at figure 4, goes through the motions of 5, and finally ends up as pictured very nicely, and prettily too, in study 6. Penalty, two runs around the opposing goal post.

7. **Roughness**—This action is also used to denote such unfair practices as hiding, crawling, skipping, swearing, and what-not. Referee should not hold this position too long. Reward, 1 beer.



The panic started above depicts Lafayette's famous Comet play that was used in the '01 game and enabled them to come from behind and tie Flehigh at 0-0. This play was one of the cleanest bits of strategy that ever came out of "Old Pardee." At the signal, "Wyoming," center Zuffgow flipped the ball to quarterback Zarensky who ran up the ladder of linemen and leaped over the Flehigh team.

Lafayette's line in this play was a thing of sanguine beauty. McClusky, the boy in the lower right corner was one of the key men of the play. His duty was to snap the head linesman's spine, and to see that the referee did not peek.

"Red" Erlingheim, the brute who is sinking his teeth in the nape of the Flehigh center's neck, was later thrown off the field for swearing. He later appeared on the roof of President Richards house with an army rifle and sniped the Flehigh team.

Jack Petrikin took the proceeds of the game in exchange for the corpses which were sent to the Lafayette mining laboratory for burial.

Once a year in late November  
Every nearby living member  
Of our dear old alumnae  
Comes to see what's left of Le-  
high—  
After a Lafayette football game.

For more than half a century  
This game long has been an entity  
As a classic for it's fightin',  
As a time to get quite tight in—  
After a Lafayette football game.

'Tis a time when all saloons  
Have to open their back rooms,  
For there's lots of fun and laugh-  
ter  
Before the game and then long  
after—  
After a Lafayette football game.



### "VALENTIES" VS. LOVE

In days of old  
When mugs were sold,  
And whiskers held their sway,  
A valentine meant love to you  
From someone far away.

As years went by with steady growth  
Of whiskers on the chin,  
Some darn fool then began a school;  
It truly was a sin.

What did college do for love?  
But take the thrill away.  
It even stole the sentiment  
From St. Valentine's Day!

A valentine was meant for love,  
A heart of love to tell;  
But the love of a Lehigh "valentine",  
Is a love that gives you hell.

Now, if you got a valentine,  
Perhaps you felt as I,  
That as a comic valentine  
T'was very, very dry!

Or if you didn't get one,  
You shouldn't feel depressed;  
'Cause next semester's coming—  
With some for all the rest!

Dedicated with the utmost disrespect to the Dean's Office

—BURR—

Lafayette with their Leopard has kinda made us self conscious and hurt, what with us not havin a mascot of our own. Me an the boys been kinda thinkin, but we aint been gettin nowheres. The only livin animal as has historic connections with these parts is beer hops. Now wouldn't it look kinda queerish to tote a kaig o' them things to a football game and release them to put on a show. We admit they get to every game, but we never bring em. The other boys like to act as livin hops homes, and by their antics, it anit hard to tell that the hops is hoppin.

### DO YOU WEAR PANTIES?

I may make the statement that pants are made for men and not women—but I probably would be stepped on by some member of the fair sex—so let us agree at least that women are really made for men and not for pants. But when a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man—aha—that makes a pair of pants.

Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold weather.

Then too there always has been the discussion as to whether or not pants is singular or plural. As far as I can figure it out—if you wear pants it is plural, but if you don't wear pants it is pretty singular on your part.

And then back to the old question of first and last—if you want to make your pants last make the coat first.

—BURR—

Frosh: The girl I'm having up  
for the Lafayette game is the nuts.

Understanding Parent: What,  
don't they have normal girls  
around Bethlehem?



CHEE BABE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOUSE TO  
DE TEA DANSANT!



—BURR—

### FOOTBALL NIGHTMARE

In the mystic halls of fame  
 Football was the one original  
 game.  
 The way the thing is played today  
 "It's a sorrowful sight," some  
 people say.  
 But, when a player hits the line  
 His thoughts are of a different  
 kind.  
 And then the coach with mental  
 strain  
 Looks at the game in a differ-  
 ent vein.  
 Although he seems at ease and  
 calm,  
 Still, during the half he wears a  
 frown.  
 The words he uses, you can never  
 tell,  
 Probably are, "You play like  
 hell!"

### NOTRE ?

It always fills my heart with calm,  
 When folks pronounce it "Notre Dalm."

\* \* \*

While others are who flaunt no sham,  
 And always speak of "Notre Dam."

\* \* \*

The third class crowd my thoughts with shame,  
 They say, "The nerts is Noter Dame."

\* \* \*

Who's backfield hits you like a bomb?  
 The one that plays for Notre Domb!

\* \* \*

Who's forward gaping holes can ram?  
 The line that plays for Notre Dam!

\* \* \*

Who's team brings home most football fame?  
 You've guessed the answer! Notre Dame.

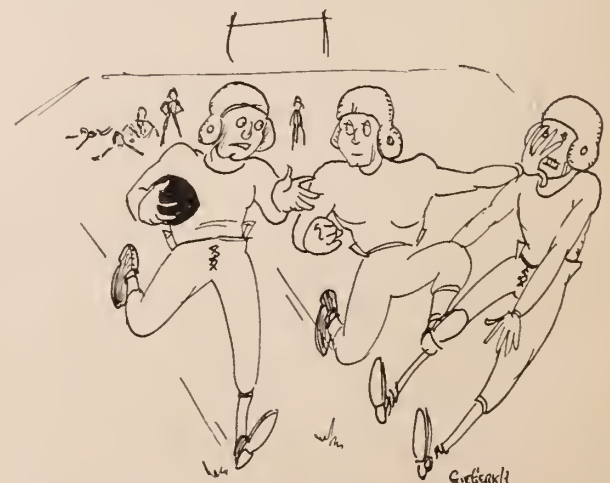
\* \* \*

So whether it be Dalm, Dam, Dame;  
 They sure can play that football game!

—BURR—

### LEHIGH HALL OF FAME:

Willie Walker, Kappa Sig  
 frosh, who woke up the toll man  
 on the New Street bridge on the  
 night of Nov. 20 in order to pay  
 his penny. (oh yeh?)



"—BUT THE WHOLE TROUBLE IS THAT I  
 SOL DTHE DARN STUFF SHORT!"



He: Have a drink?  
 She: (indignantly) No thanks,  
 I'm preserving my reputation.  
 He: So'm I, in gin!

—BURR—

X: I hear that you've been  
 making out well.  
 YZ: (Proudly) Yep, I get paid  
 for every little move I make.  
 X: Oh, a contortionist!

—BURR—

Lafayette (inebriated)—Shay,  
 could yoush tell ush where the  
 Lehigh 'n Lafayettesh are play-  
 ing?

Frosh—Sure, I could but you  
 don't look like you'd ever find it.

—BURR—

Stopped at the Greek's to see  
 how the betting would run on our  
 Lafayette game. He seemed to  
 think that odds would be two to  
 one against Wyoming Seminary.

—BURR—

Billie Sheridan says he doesn't  
 like to sit beside Austie at a game  
 because he's always tempted to  
 recover those long butts that the  
 coach throws away with so little  
 concern.

—BURR—

#### Add similes

As regular as the time the  
 drummers beat at drill.  
 As spendthriftly as Petrikin.  
 As modern as Packer Hall.  
 As obliging as Curtis.  
 As even as the township road  
 through the campus.  
 As simple as our football score-  
 board.

—BURR—

One of our alumni came back  
 for the Muhlenburg game. On  
 seeing the new white jerseys, his  
 first question was, "What ever  
 became of Jack Petrikin?"

(What could happen to that  
 guy?)



THE FREEMANSBURG GIRL WHO WAS IN  
 TOWN BETWEEN LEHIGH AND LAFAYETTE

Easton's East,  
 But West  
 Is still sleeveless.

—BURR—

#### ODE TO ST. VALENTINE

To thee, Oh patron of our school  
 Do we give praise.  
 Who, twice each year, does our ardor cool  
 By much sad news.  
 Who makes our parents wrath to boil  
 By slips sent home.  
 Who shows us all our past transgressions  
 By "E's" and "F's".  
 To thee, result of long bull sessions  
 Do we give praise?  
 We do like hell.

—BURR—

Headline in the Brown and White:  
 Lehigh Grid Team  
 Kittenizes Princeton Tigers  
 (Much pft! pft! and purring took place in the back  
 alley.)

LEHIGH vs

Improbable

# LEHIGH

Lark ..... Week-End  
Hearsliburg ..... Off Guard  
Einstein ..... Mud Guard  
Suvalskey ..... Off Center  
Long ..... Draw Back  
Wear ..... Hunch Back  
Trafford ..... Way Back  
Pfeiffel ..... Come Back  
McConn ..... Zweiback  
Hallstead ..... Lame Back  
Counts ..... Tail End



LEHIGH GENTLEMEN

1st quar. 2nd

LAFAYETTE		
LEHIGH		

OFF

Ref. ....  
Ump. ....  
Judge ....  
Reserves .....

# LAFAYETTE

hting Line-up

## LAFAYETTE

Swamp .....	Old Guard
McCracken .....	Black Guard
Vermuth .....	Lay Back
Wilcok .....	Umpire
Left .....	Pitcher
Ambrose .....	Off Side
Haaas .....	Catcher
Cookie .....	Touch Back
Foxy .....	Left Out
Rooter .....	Way Back
Sully .....	Dead End

1 gal.	2 gal.	Total

FALS

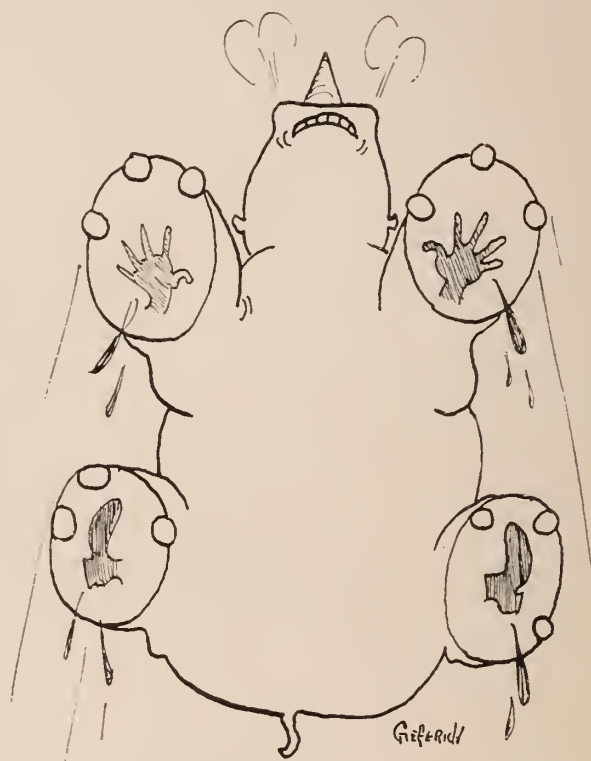
..... Bottomless, Pitt  
 ..... Fountein, Penn  
 ..... Dyferolds, Rutgers  
 Bethlehem Beer Bellies



LAFAYETTE PANSIES



"—AND, UH, ARE YOU SURE JUST ONE BOTTLE — ?"



Excellent view of a charging Rhinoceros taken by one of our late — too late — cameramen.

Better effect may be obtained by holding picture directly over head.



AMONGST THOSE PROMINENTLY PRESENT AT THE LEHIGH-LAFAYETTE GAME.



## HEAR YE PLEDGES!

We'll shake your hand and pat your back,  
And collect your little fee;  
We'll hint about the wonderous things  
That you will shortly see.

We'll ask you then to undergo  
Some little tests of nerve;  
We'll tell you that we've all been ther,  
And never bent a curve.

We'll put you in the torture room  
To let you meditate;  
We'll let you think about yourself,  
Then cut you up for bait.

We'll scalp you and we'll skin you,  
And plaster up your soles;  
We'll file your teeth and twist your joints,  
And fill you full of holes.

We'll raise you to the highest point,  
Then drop you in the well;  
We'll bring to mind your past misdeeds  
And give you a taste of hell.

We'll boil you on the gridiron,  
Then lay you out on ice;  
We'll cook you in slow-boiling oil  
Until you're crisp and nice.

We'll let you take a ride  
When you're too sore to walk;  
We'll do several other pleasant things,  
About which I musn't talk.

## DID'JA EVER

Did'ja ever come to the end of a day—  
An' feel all tired out,  
An' then remember ya got some physics  
Yet to do—an ya feel so tired?

An then some classy babe calls ya up—  
An ya get over bein' tired, only  
To remember ya haven't any money,  
And you hafta tell her no?

And then in comes a "brother"  
To ask ya how to get to so and so—  
An ya spend an hour tellin' him, only  
To find he wants to know for a "friend?"

An then when ya feel lowest,  
An ya gonna give up this lonely school—  
Some guy asks ya if you'd like a beer . . .  
Don'tcha feel swell — — don'tcha, huh?

—Burr—

## WHY LAFAYETTE IS CALLED LEOPARD

(From the Easton Primer)

Lafayette was a great MAN. He came way over here to America to help George Washington become the "Father of his Country." Now, all the time that Lafayette was in this great land of ours he wore a great big, yellow polo coat. Yes, just like the ones they wear at his college nowadays, only without the spots.

One day Lafayette was taken up into the vicinity of Wyoming to dedicate a mine. He had to go down inside the mine of course, and while he was there a crowd of big, tough, dirty miners' boys threw mud all over his nice polo coat.

"Ha, ha ha?" they all laughed, "See the funny man. He looks just like a leopard." And did the great man get sore? He did not. Do you know what he did? He took all those dirty, naughty, little boys from Wyoming down to Easton and started a colitch all his own.

And from that day on, the boys at Lafayette were called Leopards.

# LITTLE OLLIE'S ADVENTURES

# EPISODE I

LET US FOLLEY  
LITTLE OLLIE  
AS HE WANDERS  
THRU HIS CAPERS



Pathé  
NATURE  
CALLS

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO  
ALONE OLIVER.

PST! MOM  
CENSORED

COMPLIMENTS OF  
PENNSYLVANIA  
BOARD OF CENSOR

GENTS



GENTS

SPLASH!  
HELP

3rd St.

HELP  
HELP  
HELP

2nd St.

HELP!!  
HELP  
HELP

1st St.

HELP!!!  
HELP!!  
HELP!

HELP!!!

Copyright





### "HAMLET"

The initial production of The New York Producing Association is a revival of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The production is presented with a cast headed by Raymond Massey, and the support given Mr. Massey is quite good. The scenery is ultra-modern, the work of Norman Bel Geddes, and the lighting extremely effective.

Mr. Massey's interpretation of Hamlet is characterized by its reserve. He is, as was Hamlet, continually taking his time, and, as Hamlet was young, so is Mr. Massey. This lethargic atmosphere pervades the entire performance, lending a true insight into Hamlet's procrastinating self.

Coherence is gained, and the play made more wieldy, by the elimination of all scenes occurring without Denmark, and the leaving out of several minor parts. It's really well done.

—BURR—

### "MARRIAGE FOR THREE"

Mr. Elmer Harris offers this too-elegant depiction of what happens to New Yorkers when caught in the tenacles of sex. The characters are so-called typically New Yorkers, very unconventional, and their actions rather interesting if incredible. Miss Verree Teasdale, erstwhile star of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," leads the cast, which includes Jesse Royce Lands and Terence Neill.

Miss Teasdale gives birth to an illegitimate child by her best friend's—Miss Landis—husband. The intricacies resulting from this slightly unusual happening is the plot. The interpretations are fine. If you like sex to permeate your theater, see it.

### "THE STREETS OF NEW YORK"

Dion Boucicault's comedy melodrama, "The Streets of New York," is now enjoying a very successful engagement at the Forty-eighth Street Theater. The piece, first presented in 1857, has been revived by Lawrence Langer's New York Repertory Company, and was intermittently produced during the past summer at Mr. Langner's Country Playhouse in Westport, Conn. New York theater critics journeyed to Connecticut to attend performances, and lavishly praised it in their columns, and Deems Taylor devoted two entire columns of his nationally syndicated comments to its virtues.

The cast is excellent. Dorothy Gish, cinema star, portrays the pious heroine, a role delightfully suited for her superb propensity to pantomime; Rollo Peters is the ever virtuous hero, who demonstrates most adeptly that "poverty is no crime"; Moffat Johnston, former leading player in Walter Hampden's company, is the much abused and hissed at villain; and Romney Brent, who scored as the villain in George Arlis' revival of "The Merchant of Venice," lends very fine comic support as the bad man who reforms and saves the finances of the hero and heroine. "The Streets of New York" is a satire on the panic of 1837, and as such contains many speeches pertinent to our great depression. This no doubt lends much to its favor, yet is not alone responsible for its phenomenal success. The scenery, designed by Rollo Peters, and the costumes, by Aline Bernstein, go far to aggravating the favorable impression produced.

(Continued on Page 27)

# Crazy

# Burr-oings

"He might look young, but he played on a State team that beat Pitt."

—Penn State Froth.

—BURR—

The ball soared down the field in an arching, high spiral. Tensely all eyes turned toward the awaiting quarterback. A gasp went through the stands. The little quarterback had raised his hand to signal for a fair catch. Then a lumbering tackle who had been bearing down upon the diminutive quarterback was seen to stop in his tracks.

He said disgustedly, "Why the devil couldn't you have attended to that before the game?"

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

He: I was All-American last year.

She: What are you now—Half Scotch?

—Mugwump.

—BURR—

The plumber's face flushed, but being a good plumber, there was no noise.

—Octopus.

—BURR—

A gentleman slipped on the stair of the subway and started sliding to the bottom. Half way down he collided with a lady, knocking her off her feet, and the two continued the journey together. After they had reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely, he finally said: "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."

—Exchange.

Towards the end of the game when things looked dark and unhopeful, the fleet-footed end snared an alien pass. The field was clear; now, if ever, was the time to score. Off he started, when from the depths of the massive stadium rumbled a booming voice:

"Run, you rabbit, there's goal in them thar posts!"

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

"He may not be good on the football team," she sighed, "But he sure knows how to go through an open field."

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

Here's to the greatest gambler of all time—Lady Godiva. She put everything she had on a horse.

—Texas A. & M. Battalion.

—BURR—

Wouldn't it make grand copy for Murad if Mahatma Gandhi were to lose his pants?

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

Parson Dudley: Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?

Deacon Smith (awakening from sound sleep): Lead yourself, I just dealt.

—Lampoon.

—BURR—

There was also the student who always wore a business suit when he went out on a date.

—Jack-o-Lantern.





*It  
isn't  
Christmas  
yet—  
but this will  
do  
for the present*

After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage

on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

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Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby, pointing to the high-chair.

—Mugwump.

—BURR—

Clerk (showing customer golf stockings): Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast color, hole-proof, won't shrink, and it's a good yarn.

Customer: Yes, and very well told.

—BURR—

## THE LONG GONG

Never kiss a country belle. One tolled on me.  
—Ski-U-Mah.

—BURR—

Oh, if I could only hit the hay!" cried the aviator whose parachute refused to open.

—BURR—

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Capital and Surplus	\$1,500,000.00
Trust Fund .....	3,000,000.00

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Oldest Bank in Bethlehem

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand that that's not done here."

Boy (seriously, to customer): A shave or a haircut, sir?

—BURR—

Joe: How do you tell the twins apart?

Bill: What difference does it make? They both kiss equally well.

—Kitty-Kat.



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© BROOKS BROTHERS

He (on the telephone): "Hello, darling, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

She: "I'd love to, dear."

He: "Well, tell your mother I'll be over at seven o'clock."

—Mugwump.

—BURR—

Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.

Clerk: This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?

—Claw.

—BURR—

And then there was George. He was a good guy, all right. He had to have a lot of sleep because he slept slow.

—Gaboona.

O'Connor: "Szhcdytz! Wgffsthzj! Rdjsz! These cards! I always did have rotten luck at cards."

Olga: "Joe, I may not be a lady, but I AM present."

—Wet Hen.

—BURR—

"Who you shoving?"

"I dunno—what's your name?"

—Sniper.

—BURR—

Model: "I'm vaccinated where it doesn't show."

Artist: "Did you take it in a capsule, baby?"

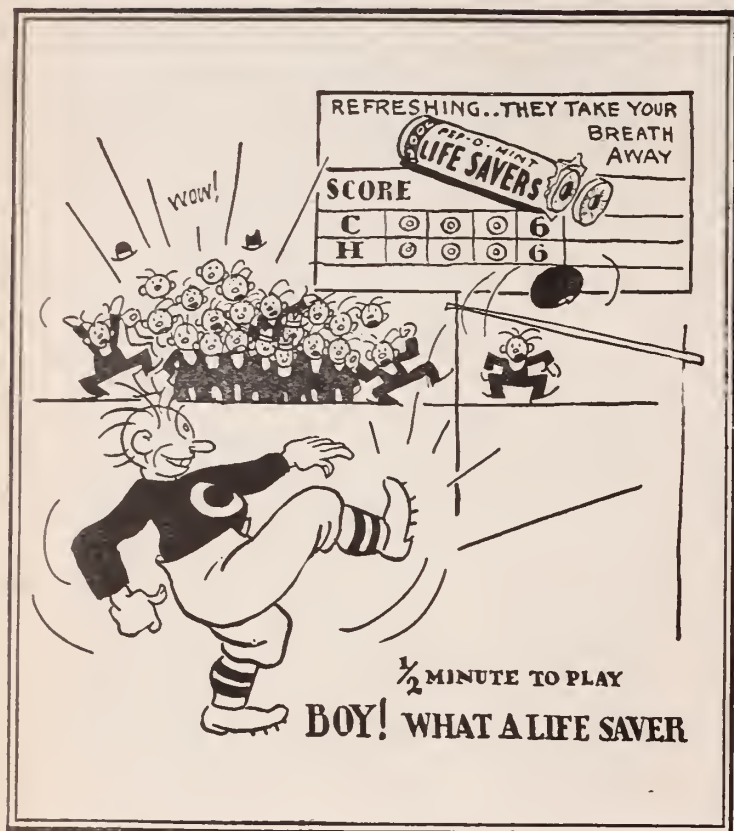
—Rice Owl.

—BURR—

The "Garden of Eden" song: Love Me or Leaf Me.

—Wash. U. Dirge.





As a booster for his home State, a certain Western representative is noted for his famous "movie-picture" highballs. You know—one drink and you go home in six reels.

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

He: How did you get home from the dance?

Haw: Souse by yeast.

—Puppet.

—BURR—

Voice from above: "Mary!"

Voice from below (pleasantly): "Yes mother?"

V. F. A.: "The clock has struck twelve three times now. Let it practice on one for a while."

—Flamingo.

Man is made by woman, therefore it is only right that he should reciprocate.

—Gaboorn

—BURR—

A lipstick is merely something that gives a new flavor to an old pastime.

—Showme

—BURR—

The day after the dance:

Tener: "Nice girl you had at the dance, Cliff."

Grill: "Who said so?"

—The Siren

# IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTS

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General Offices:



Bethlehem, Pa.

PLANTS AT: Bethlehem, Lebanon, Steelton, Johnstown and Coatesville, Pa.,  
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## STEEL CONSTRUCTION McClintic-Marshall Corporation

Subsidiary of Bethlehem Steel Corporation

General Offices: Bethlehem, Pa.

Nowadays when a girl gets her neck broken in an automobile you don't know whether the automobile was wrecked or not.

—The Malteaser

—BURR—

The burglar finding the lady in the bath, covered her with his revolver.

—Tiger

—BURR—

She: "Must we hold hands?"

He: "I'm willing to cut out the preliminaries if you are."

—Mugwump

—BURR—

Pat: "How was the dancing at Prom?"

Pattie: "Goodness gracious, was there a dance, too?"

—Octopus

—BURR—

Iowan: "Why these cattle are small. My dad raised the largest jackass ever seen in Iowa."

Texan: "So I see."

—Wampus

She: When you've had enough to drink, do you quit?

He: No, I start!

—Longhorn

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LAUNDRY AGENCY**

at the Supply Bureau

TWO DAY SERVICE

SHOE REPAIRING

There was a young woman named Florence,  
 For kissing she held an abhorrence.  
 One night she got kissed.  
 And saw what she'd missed,  
 And her tears trickled down in great torrents.  
 —Green Gander.

—BURR—

And there is the young lady who was invited to  
 go to Grand Hotel. She met her boy friend at the  
 appointed hour with her overnight suitcase.

—Yale Record.

—BURR—

Corporal: "Squad's right!"  
 Rear Rank: "After all these years he admits it."  
 —Voo-Doo.

—BURR—

"Is your girl good looking?"  
 "Naw, but she's sure dumb enough to be beautiful."  
 —Green Gander.

"Do you sing in the bathtub?"  
 "I can't. There isn't any lock on the door."  
 —Pitt Panther

—BURR—

Yes, and there's the salesman's daughter who  
 plucked her eyebrows into a dotted line.  
 —Pitt Panther

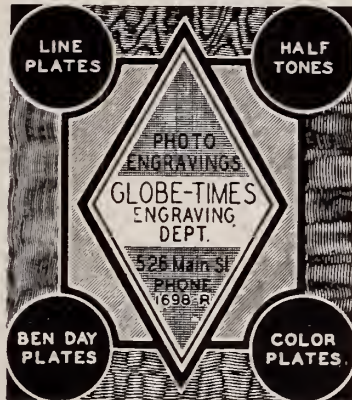
—BURR—

Kissing a girl because she let's you is liking  
 scratching a place that doesn't itch.  
 —Log

—BURR—

"What's your daughter's average income?"  
 "Oh, about 3.30 o'clock in the morning."  
 —Longhorn.





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BREAD**

**BETHLEHEM BAKING CO.**

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## THEATRE REVIEW

(Continued from Page 19)

### "CYNARA"

"Cynara," selected by **Playchoice** as the play of the month, presents Philip Merivale, Henry Stephenson, Phoebe Foster, and Adrienne Allen complete the principals concerned. The story is hardly original, yet quite enjoyable, and illustrates well the tendency of people to misconstrue facts. A London lawyer's wife goes off on a trip in an effort to save her sister, whose moral life is constantly at an effort to save her sister, whose moral life is constantly at ebb, and during her absence her husband, the lawyer, is seduced by a shop girl. Upon the wife's return the lawyer severs the relationship with his mistress, who commits suicide. A solution to the problem is successfully offered by a friend of the family, and the final curtain finds everyone happy. The story is unfolded retrospectively, which weakens the general effect. Special credit is deserved by Miss Allen who portrays passion in a manner so ecstatic as to leave the audience quite breathless when the curtain tolls the knell of Mr. Merivale's seduction.

There's nothing strange in the fact that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation.

—The Green Gander

—BURR—

I had sworn to be a bachelor,  
She had sworn to be a bride,  
But I guess you know the answer—  
(She had nature on her side.)

—Black & Blue Jay.

—BURR—

"It's not the pinciple of the Prom, my sweet, it's the money of the thing."

—Jester.



# Christmas Comes to Lehigh when--

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presents his new  
BALFOUR  
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**ARROW SHIRTS**

Kuppenheimer Clothes

Knit Tex Top Coats

FULL DRESS - - - - TUXEDOS

New Street at Third

Those Pilgrim maids were just as  
hot

As the ones we date today.  
Woman alters not a jot

She behaves in the self-same way.  
It's true that lack of clothes will  
give

A wholly new sensation—  
The Pilgrim maids were just as  
hot,

But had more insulation.

—Purple Parrot.

—BURR—

A divinity student named Tweedle,  
Once wouldn't accept his degree  
'Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle,  
Without being Tweedle, D. D.  
—Nebraska Awgwan.

—BURR—

"Before we were married you always said there  
wasn't another woman in the world like me."  
"Yes, and now I thank God that it's true."  
—Lampoon.



*“They keep tasting better  
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke!  
It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the  
day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and  
comfortable—as the first. Every Chest-  
erfield is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the  
answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos  
—the smoothest and ripest grown—go  
into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and  
white it is. It's the purest that money  
can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields  
taste better and milder. And they do!  
The millions of Chesterfield smokers—  
men and women both—say it in their  
own way: “They Satisfy!”



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**NEW!** *Trump (the largest-selling shirt in the world) is now made in stripes as well as over-all colors and white. The stripes are pin-stripes, in a wide variety of smart colors and "repeats"—on white. Trump in stripes is new and smart and different. Try it.*

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